

# Website Reflections

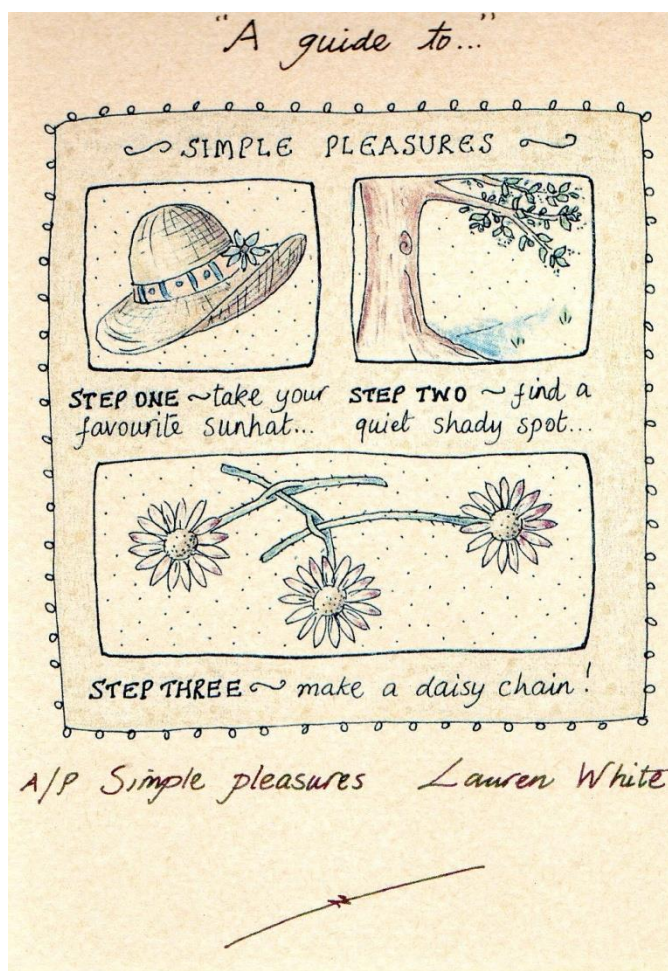
## Monday 31<sup>st</sup> August 2020

### Doreen Platts



I have re-run a short video clip several times this week! It was posted on 'Facebook' by my daughter-in-law when the family were on holiday. Unaware of the filming, our seven year old grandson was running along the seashore, he was splashing through the water, jumping the waves as they rolled towards the beach. His body was a bundle of energy and his pleasure obvious for anyone to see.

It mentally turned the clock back to another occasion some eighteen years ago, when I watched another young boy, of about the same age, dancing at a family wedding. Everyone was in party mode, celebrating. The music was good and oblivious to the fact that anyone may be watching he danced in a corner of the room completely entranced by what he was hearing and feeling.



This is a picture of a card I received some years ago which I framed and often look at. Reflecting on life's simple pleasures:-

A young friend told me this week that her tomato plants were grown from seeds she obtained by cutting a cherry tomato in half. My sunflowers are grown from seeds taken from the feed for wild birds. We picked delicious blackberries last weekend. The comfort of being warm and dry indoors when rain is lashing at the window. An unexpected phone call from a friend of more than sixty years.

The canticle of St. Francis of Assisi, written in the 13<sup>th</sup> century is a wonderful song of praise:-

Praised be You, my Lord with all Your creatures,  
especially Sir Brother Sun,  
Who is the day through whom You give us light  
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendour,  
Of you most High, he bears the likeness.

Praise be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars,  
In the heavens you have made them bright, precious and fair.

Praised be to You, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,  
And fair and stormy, all weather's moods,  
by which you cherish all that You have made.

Praised be You my Lord through Sister Water,  
So useful, humble, precious and pure.

Praise be to You my Lord through brother Fire,  
through whom You light the night and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong.

Praise be You my Lord through our Sister,  
Mother Earth  
who sustains and governs us,  
producing varied fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.

Praised be You my Lord through those who grant pardon for love of You and bear sickness and trial.  
Blessed are those who endure in peace, by you most High, will they will be crowned.

As we enter 'the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' may we thank God for our senses and find pleasure in the simple things of life.